

Rock-a-bye-Baby.

1.

Baby is sleeping so cozy and fair,
While mother sits near in her old saken chair,
Her foot on the rocker the cradle she swings,
And though baby slumbers she hears what she sings,
Chorus.

Rock-a-bye-baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all.
Oh! rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, mother is near,
Then rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye nothing to fear,
For angels of slumber are hovering near,
So rock-a-bye-baby, mother is near.

2.

Grandma sits knitting close by the fire-place
With snowy white hair, and a smile on her face.
The years have passed by, yet it does not seem long
Since she rocked baby's papa to sleep with that song.

3.

Dear little baby, their joy and their pride,
Long may he be with them, whatever betide,

The kitchen; the cradle, that tender refrain.
 In memory will linger that lullaby strain.
 Annie Laurie.

Marxwilton haes are bonnie,
 Where early fa's the dew
 And its there that Annie Laurie,
 Gied me her promise true.
 Gied me her promise true,
 Which ne'er forgot will be,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
 I would lay me down and dee.

2.

Her brow is like the snow drift.
 Her throat is like the swan,
 Her face it is the fairest,
 That e'er the sun shone on,
 That e'er the sun shone on
 And dark blue is her ee,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
 I'd lay me down and dee.

3.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
 Is the fa's her fairy feet,

And like the wind in summer sighing,
 Her voice is low and sweet.
 Her voice is low and sweet,
 And she's a' the world to me,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
 I would lay me down and die.

Reuben and Rachel.

Rachel,-

Reuben I have just been thinking,
 What a fine world this would be
 If the men were all transported,
 Far beyond the Northern Sea.

Reuben,-

Rachel I have just been thinking
 What a fine world this would be,
 If we had some more young ladies,
 On this side the Northern Sea.

Rachel,-

Reuben I'm a poor lone woman,
 No one seems to care for me
 I wish the men were all transported
 Far beyond the Northern Sea

Reuben,-

I'm a man without a victim,
 Soon I think theres one will be
 If the men are all transported
 Far beyond the Northern Sea.

Rachel,-

Reuben whats the use of fooling
 Why not come up like a man?
 If you want to have a lover,
 I'm for life your Sally Ann.

Reuben,-

Oh my goodness! oh my gracious!
 What a queer world this would be,
 If the men were all transported,
 Far beyond the Northern Sea.

Rachel,-

Reuben now do stop your teasing,
 If you have any love for me.
 I was only just a fooling
 As (of course) (I tho't) you'd see.

Reuben,-

Rachel I will not transport you.
 But I'll take you for a wife,

We will live on milk and honey,
Better or worse we're in for life.

"Little Annie Rooney"

A winning way, a pleasant smile,
Dress'd so neat, but quite in style.

Merry chaff, your time to wile,
Has little Annie Rooney.

Every evening, rain or shine,
I make a call, 'twixt eight & nine,
On her who shortly will be mine,

Little Annie Rooney.

Chorus.- She's my Sweetheart!

I'm her beau!

She's my Annie,

I'm her Joe.

Soon we'll marry, never to part!

Little Annie Rooney is my Sweetheart.

2.

The Parlors small but neat & clean.

And set with taste so seldom seen.

And you can bet, the household queen

Is little Annie Rooney.

The fire burns cheerfully + bright,
 As a family circle round each night,
 The form, + every one's delight
 Is little Annie Rooney.

Chorus. -

We've been engaged close on a year.
 The happy time is drawing near,
 I'll wed the one I love so dear.

Little Annie Rooney.

My friends declare I'm in a jest.
 Until the time comes will not rest.
 But one who knows its value best,
 Is little Annie Rooney.

"I believe it, for my mother told me so."

There's a little maxim that was told to me by mother dear,
When in childhood I was seated on her knee;
She told me that a rolling stone, would gather little moss
Many lessons of advice she gave to me.
She told me that the Father watched o'er me from above,
She bade me pray to Him, with head bowed low;
She said if I'd take her advice some day I'd be with Him
I believe it, for my mother told me so.

Chorus.

She told me that in manhood temptations I would meet
And that very few true friends in life I'd know;
She also said the world was full of falsehood + deceit,
I believe it, for my mother told me so.

She told me never to turn my back on sorrow or distress,
But give what'er I could to help the poor;
"You'll never know what poverty is, lad, until you find
The wolf of hunger knocking at the door.
So try and love you neighbors as you try + love yourself,
Your deeds will make you known where'er you go
A man whose honest needs no monument when he's gone,
I believe it, for my mother told me so. - chorus

"Wait till the Clouds Roll By."

Jenny, my own true loved one.

I'm going far from thee,
 Out on the bounding billows,
 Out on the dark blue sea;
 How I will miss you, my darling,
 There when the storm is raging high;
 Jenny, my own true loved one,
 Wait till the clouds roll by.

Chorus.

Wait till the clouds roll by, Jennie,
 Wait till the clouds roll by;
 Jenny, my own true loved one,
 Wait till the clouds roll by.

Jenny, when far from thee, love,
 I'm on the ocean deep,
 Will you then dream of me, love,
 Will you your promise keep?
 And will I come to you, darling?
 Take courage, dear, and never sigh,
 Gladness will follow sorrow,
 Wait till the clouds roll by.

"Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane".

I am getting old + feeble now, I cannot work no more,
 I have laid the rusty-bladed hoe to rest;
 Old 'massa + old 'missus they're sleeping side by side,
 And their spirits now are roaming with the blest;
 Things are changed about the place, the darkies all are gone
 And I cannot hear them singing in the cane,
 And the only friend that's left me is that little boy of mine
 In my little old log cabin in the lane.

2.

There was a happy time to me, not many years ago,
 When the darkies used to gather 'round the door;
 They use to sing + dance at night, + play the old banjos,
 But, alas! they cannot do it any more;
 The hinges are all rusty now, the door is tumbling down,
 And the roof lets in the sunshine + the rain;
 Oh! the only friend that's left me, is that little boy of mine
 In my little old log cabin in the lane.

3

Oh! daddy don't you be so sad + melancholy now,
 For you there's many happy days store;
 Although you're old + feeble, your boy is young + strong,
 And will love + cherish you for evermore;

I'll try + do the best I can + make you happy now
 I'll Comfort and protect you from all pain,
 And the angles they will bless us in our happy little
 In our little old log cabin in the lane

4.

Oh! child, I am contented, but the day must quickly
 When I'll have to leave this earth for evermore;
 The angels they will take me from my humble little
 And waft me to that bright celestial shore;
 Oh! don't despair, but come what may, you will be happy
 If from sorrow + bad feeling you refrain;
 For the angles they will bless us in our happy little
 In our little old log cabin in the lane.

"Battle-cry of Freedom."

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
 We'll rally from the hillside, we'll rally from the plain,
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
 — Chorus —

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah,
 Down with the traitor, up with the star,
 While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again

Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

2.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

3.

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true & brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
And altho' he may be poor, he shall never be a slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

4.

So we're springing to the call from the East & from the West
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we loved the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
Peek-A-Boo.

On a cold Winters evening, when business is done,
And to your home you retire,
What a pleasure it is to have a bright bouncing boy,
One whom you love to admire;
You hug him, & kiss him, you press him to your heart,
What joy to your bosom twill bring;

Then you place him on the carpet,
 And you'll hide behind the chair,
 And to please him you'll commence to sing:

Chorus.

Peek-a-boo! peek-a-boo!
 Come from behind the chair,
 Peek-a-boo! peek-a-boo!
 I see you hiding there,
 Oh! you rascal, there.

2.

Oh! my hearts always light when at home with my wife
 There joy & peace ever reigns,
 With my boy on my knee I'm as happy as can be
 I never knew care or pain;
 He's pretty, he's gentle, he's kind and he is good,
 And ev'rything nice, him I bring;
 Oh! if he attempts to cry
 When I am standing by,
 Just to please him I commence to sing.-chorus

3.

When the sun-shine of youth fades, & age bends us to
 Joys, like the birds, flown away;
 Then the smiles of our children ever brighten the face

Leading where loved ones do stray.
 The music & laughter we ever love to hear,
 Will beam like a rainbow in Spring,
 By the fire-side at night,
 With our hearts so free & light,
 We will listen while our children sing. - Chorus

— "Old Arm Chair." —

My grandmother, she, at the age of eighty-three,
 One day in May was taken ill & died;
 And after she was dead, the will, of course, was read,
 By a lawyer, as we all stood side by side;
 To my brother, it was found, she had left a hundred pounds,
 The same unto my sister, I declare,
 But when it came to me, the lawyer said, "I see
 She has left to you her old arm chair."

Chorus.

And how they tittered, how they chaffed,
 How my brother and sister laughed,
 When they heard the lawyer declare,
 Granny had left to me her old arm chair,

I thought it hardly fair, still I said I did not care,
 And in the evening took the chair away;
 The neighbors they me chaffed, my brother at me laughed
 And said "It will be useful, John some day,
 When you settle down in life, find some girl to be your wife
 You'll find it very handy, I declare;
 On a cold + frosty night, when the fire is burning bright
 You can sit in your old arm chair."

3.

What my brother said was true, for in a year or two,
 Strange to say, I settled down in married life;
 I first a girl did court, + then the ring I bought,
 Took her to church - + when she was my wife,
 The old girl + me were happy as could be;
 For when my work was over, I declare,
 I ne'er abroad would roam, but each night, would stay at home
 And be seated in my old arm chair, -

4.

One night the chair fell down, when I picked it up I found
 The seat had fallen out upon the floor,
 And there to my surprise, I saw before my eyes.
 A lot of notes, two thousand pounds or more;
 When my brother heard of this, the fellow, I confess,

Went nearly mad with rage + tore his hair;
But I only laughed at him, then said unto him, "Gim,
Dont you wish you had the old Arm Chair?"-

"Let me like a Soldier Fall".

yes, let me like 'a soldier fall
Upon some open plain,
This breast expanding for the ball,
To blot out every stain;
Brave manly hearts confer my doom,
That gentler ones may tell,
How'er forgot, unknown my tomb,
I like a soldier fell.

2.

I only ask of that proud race,
Which ends its blaze in me,
To die the last + not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry;
Though o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet requiems swell,
Enough they murmur o'er my grave:
"He like a soldier fell!"

"Some Day".

I know not when the day shall be,
 I know not where our eyes may meet,
 What welcome you may give to me,
 Or will your words be sad or sweet;
 It may not be till years have passed,
 'Till eyes are dim & tresses gray,
 The world is wide, but love at last,
 Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day.

Chorus.

Some day, some day, some day I shall meet you,
 Love, I know not when or how - love, I know not when or how,
 Only this, only this, this, that once you loved me,
 Only this I love you now, I love you now. I love you now

2.

I know not are you far or near,
 Or are you dead or do you live;
 I know not who the blame should bear,
 Or who should plead or who forgive;
 But when we meet some day, some day,
 Eyes clearer grown the truth may see,
 And ev'ry cloud shall roll away,
 That darkens love 'twixt you & me.

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep."

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
 I lay me down in peace to sleep;
 Secure I rest upon the wave,
 For Thou, O Lord, hath power to save.
 I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
 For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall.
 And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep;
 And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep!

2.

And such the trust that still were mine,
 Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
 Or though the tempest's fury breath
 Roused me from sleep to wreck & death,
 In ocean's cave still safe with Thee,
 The germ of immortality.
 And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep;
 And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep!

Poor Old Ned.

I once knew a darkey,¹ his name was 'Uncle Ned;
 Oh! he died long ago, long ago;
 He had no hair on the top of his head—
 De place where de wool ought to grow.

Chorus.

Lay down de shovel and de hoe,
 Hang up de fiddle and de bow;
 For dere's no more work for poor old 'Ned;
 He's gone where de good darkies go.

2

His fingers were long, like de cane in de brake,
 And he had no eyes for to see;
 He had no teeth for to eat de hoe cake,
 So he had to let de hoe cake be.— chorus.

3

One cold frosty morning old 'Ned died,
 Oh! de tears down massa's face ran like rain.
 For he knew, when 'Ned was laid in de ground,
 He'd never see his like again.

chorus.—

"Climbing up the Golden Stairs"

1.

Come all you little riggers,
 Now watch your cues and figures,
 Climbing up the golden stair;
 If they think you are a dude,
 They will treat you rather rude,
 When you're climbing up the golden stairs.

Chorus.

Then hear them bells a-ringing,
 'Tis sweet, I do declare,
 Oh, hear them darkies singing,
 Climbing up the golden stairs.

2.

Old Peter looked so wicked
 When I asked him for a ticket,
 Climbing up the golden stairs;
 If I give him a half dollar,
 He will grab me by the collar
 And fire me up the golden stairs.

3.

Old Satan he's a dandy,
 He'll not feed you on mixed candy,

When you're climbing up the golden stairs,
 Brimstone is good enough,
 No tobacco, beer or snuff,
 When you're climbing up the golden stairs
 4.

They'll lock you in a stable,
 Make you fight for Cain + Abel,
 Climbing up the golden stairs;
 Old Adam and his wife
 They will play the drum + fife,
 To greet you on the golden stairs.
 5.

Go tell the Jersey Lilly
 That the sights would knock her silly,
 Climbing up the golden stairs;
 And tell John L. Sullivan,
 He'll have to be a better man,
 If he wants to climb the golden stairs.
 6.

Bob Ingersoll's respected,
 But I think he'll be rejected,
 Climbing up the golden stairs;
 Oh, won't he kick and yell

When they fire him into — well,
Climbing up the golden stairs,

"Letter that never came".

1.

A letter here for me? was the question that he asked
Of the mail-man at the closing of the day;
He turned sadly with a sigh, while a tear stood in his eye,
Then he bowed his head & slowly walked away.
Then he murmured; can it be? Will it never come to me?
Had he waited all these many years in vain?
Yet from early morning's light he would watch till dark at night
For that letter, but, alas, it never came.

Chorus.

Was it from a gray-haired mother, a sister or a brother?
Had he waited all the many years in vain?
Yet from early morning light he would watch with spirits light,
But the letter that he longed for never came.

2.

He had waited many years, joy had mingled with his tears
When the old postmaster met him with a smile,
How his features they would brighten & his sad heart seem to lighten,
But his vain hopes lasted only a little while.

When the postmaster would say: There is nothing here to do,
 He'd bemoan his fate, yet no one would he blame,
 Then he murmured: Surely, she must sometimes think of me,
 Still he wondered why that missive never came.

3.

So one day upon the shore he was found, but life was o'er,
 His poor soul it had gone out with the tide.
 In his hand they found a note, with the last words that he wrote,
 Should a letter come, please place it by my side?
 Sweet flowers twine around the tombstone o'er his mound,
 On which was scrawled his age, also his name,
 Many years have gone, they say, since his spirit passed on,
 But the letter that he longed for never came.

"America".

1.

'My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain side,
 Let freedom ring.

2.

My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble, free—
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

3.

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet Freedom's song;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

4.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee I sing;
 Long may our land be bright,
 With Freedom's holy light,
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

"Come where my Love lies dreaming".
1.

Come where my love lies dreaming,
dreaming the happy hours away;
In visions bright redeeming
The fleeting joys of day;
dreaming the happy hours,
dreaming the happy hours away;
Come where my love lies dreaming,
Is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.

2.

Come where my love lies dreaming,
Is sweetly dreaming, her beauty beaming;
Come where my love lies dreaming,
Is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away,
Come with a lute, come with a lay;
'My own love is sweetly dreaming, her beauty beaming.
Come where my love lies dreaming,
Is sweetly dreaming the hours away.

3.

Soft is her slumber; thoughts bright & free
dance through her dreams like gushing melody
light is her young heart, light may it be;

Come where my love lies dreaming,
 dreaming the happy hours,
 dreaming the happy hours away;
 Come where my love lies dreaming,
 Is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.

"Silver threads among the Gold."

Darling, I am growing old,
 Silver threads among the gold
 Shine upon my brow to-day;
 Life is fading fast away;
 But, my darling, you will be, will be
 Always young and fair to me -
 "Yes! my darling, you will be
 Always young and fair to me.

Chorus.

Darling, I am growing old,
 Silver threads among the gold
 Shine upon my brow to-day;
 Life is fading fast away.

2.

When your hair is silver white,
 And your cheeks no longer bright,

With the roses of the 'May,
 I will kiss your lips, & say,
 Oh! my darling, mine alone, alone,
 You have never older grown—
 Yes! my darling, mine alone,
 You have never older grown.—

3.

Love can never more grow old,
 Locks may lose their brown & gold;
 Cheeks may fade & hollow grow,
 But the hearts that love will know
 Never, never Winter's frost and chill;
 Summer warmth is in them still—
 Never Winter's frost and chill,
 Summer warmth is in them still.—

4.

Love is always young and fair,
 What to us is silver hair;
 Faded cheeks, or steps grown slow,
 To the hearts that beat below;
 Since I kissed you mine alone, alone
 you have never older grown—
 Since I kissed you mine alone,
 you have never older grown.—

'Red, White & Blue'

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.

Thy mandates makes heroes assemble.
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the Red, White & Blue.

Chorus.

Three cheers for the Red, White & Blue,
Three cheers for the Red, White & Blue,
The Army & Navy forever.
When borne by the Red, White & Blue.

2.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm
With her garland of victory o'er her,
When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.

"Scotch Lassie, Jean."

In Scotland's fair lands, o'er mountains + rills
 That's where I roamed for many a day,
 In looking at the lads + lassies on the green,
 In the fair old land of Scotland far away,
 I have waited for her coming, but she has not
 The truth seems to dawn upon me plain
 They say she is false, but I still believe her true—
 She's my darling blue-eyed Scotch lassie, Jean
 Chorus.

Oh! Jean, my bonnie Jean, come to your laddie once again
 They say you are false, but I still believe you true
 You are my bonnie blue-eyed Scotch lassie, Jean

2.

She said she would meet me, but I've waited long in vain
 In lands far away she does roam;
 Her promise she will keep; oh! break it not, my Jean;
 We'll be happy in our bonnie little home.
 Oh! then let me not long wait, let me meet thee soon, my Jean
 And the heavens will smile on our love,
 And when life is dead, we will leave this earthly scene,
 And our hearts will dwell in joy + bliss above.

"White Wings".

Sail! home, as straight as an arrow,
 My yacht shoots along on the crest of the sea;
 Sail! home, to sweet Maggie barrow,
 In her dear little home she is waiting for me.
 High up! where the cliffs they are craggy,
 That's where the girl of my heart waits for me!
 Heigh! ho, I long for you, Maggie,
 I'll spread out my White Wings & sail home to thee.
 You! ho, how we go! sh, how the winds blow!

Chorus.

White Wings, they never grow weary,
 They carry me cheerily over the sea;
 Night comes, I long for my dearest,
 I'll spread out my White Wings & sail home to thee.

Sail! home, to love & caresses,
 When Maggie, my darling, is there at my side
 Sail! home, blue eyes & gold tresses,
 The fairest of all is my own little bride
 Sail! home, to part from thee never,
 Always together life's voyage shall be;

Sail! home, to love thee forever!
I'll spread out my white wings & sail home to thee
'yo! ho, how we go! oh, how the winds blow

"Baby Mine."

I've a letter from thy sire,
Baby mine - baby mine;
I could read & never tire,
Baby mine - baby mine.
He is sailing o'er the sea,
He is coming back to me,
He is coming back to me,
Baby mine - baby mine,
He is coming back to me,
Baby mine.

2.

Oh! I long to see his face,
Baby mine - baby mine,
In his old accustomed place,
Baby mine - baby mine.
Like the rose of May in bloom,
Like a star amid the gloom,
Like the sunshine in the room,

Baby mine - baby mine,
 Like the sunshine in the room,
 Baby mine.

3.

I'm so glad I cannot sleep,
 Baby mine - baby mine,
 I'm so happy I could weep,
 Baby mine - baby mine.
 He is sailing o'er the sea,
 He is coming back to me,
 He is coming back to thee,
 Baby mine, - baby mine,
 He is coming back to thee,
 Baby mine!

What is Home without a Mother?
 What is home without a Mother?
 What are all the joys we meet,
 When her loving smile no longer
 greets the coming, coming of our feet?
 The days seem long, the nights are drear,
 And time rolls slowly on,
 And, oh! how few are childhood's pleasures,

When her gentle care is gone.

2.

Things we prize are first to vanish,
 Hearts we love to pass away;
 And how soon e'en in her childhood,
 We behold her turning, turning gray.
 Her eye grows dim, her step is slow,
 Her joys of earth are past;
 And sometimes ere we learn to know her,
 She hath breathed on earth, on earth her last.

3.

Older hearts may have their sorrows,
 Grievs that quickly die away,
 But a mother lost in childhood,
 Grieves the heart, the heart from day to day,
 We miss her kind, her willing hand,
 Her fond & earnest care;
 And, oh! how dark is life around us
 What is home without, without her there

Ever of Thee.

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,
 Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer;
 Thou wert the star that, mildly beaming,
 Shone o'er my path when all was dark + drear.

Still in my heart thy form I cherish,
 Every kind thought like a bird flies to thee;
 Ah! never, till life or memory perish,
 Can I forget how dear thou art to me;
 Morn, noon + night, where'er I may be,
 Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

2.

Ever of thee, when sad + lonely,
 Wand'ring afar, my soul joyed to dwell;
 Ah! then I felt I loved thee only,
 All seemed to fade before affection's spell.

Years have not chill'd the love I cherish,
 True as the stars hath my heart been to thee;
 Ah! never till life or memory perish,
 Can I forget how dear thou art to me;
 Morn, noon + night, where'er I may be,
 Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

Meet me by Moonlight Alone.

Meet me by moonlight alone,

And then I will tell you a tale

Must be told by the moonlight alone,

In the grove at the end of the vale.

You must promise to come, for I said

I would show the nightflowers their queen

Nay, turn not away thy sweet head,

'Tis the loveliest ever was seen.

Oh! meet me by moonlight alone,

Meet me by moonlight alone.

2.

Daylight may do for the gay,

The thoughtless, the heartless, the free;

But there's something about the moon's ray,

That is sweeter to you & to me.

Oh! remember be sure to be there,

For though dearly a moonlight I prize.

I care not for all in the air,

If I want the sweet light of your eyes

So meet me by moonlight alone,

Meet me by moonlight alone.

A life on the ocean wave.

A life on the ocean wave,
 A home on the rolling deep,
 Where the scattered waters rave,
 And the winds their revels keep;
 Like an eagle caged & pine,
 On this dull, unchanging shore,
 Oh! give me the flashing brine,
 The spray, & the tempest's roar.

2.

Once more on the deck I stand,
 Of my own swift gliding craft;
 Set sail! farewell to the land
 The gale follows fair abaft.
 We shoot through the sparkling foam,
 Like an ocean-bird set free;
 Like the ocean-bird, our home
 We'll find far out on the sea.

3.

The land is no longer in view,
 The clouds have begun to frown,
 But with a stout vessel & crew,
 We'll say let the storm come down.

And the song of our hearts shall be,
 While the winds & the waters rave,
 A life on the heaving sea,
 A home on the bounding wave.

"Kiss Me, Mother, Ere I Die".
 Kiss me, mother, ere I die,
 Let me feel thy soft caressing,
 Ere I in the cold grave lie—
 Give me once again thy blessing,
 As you blest me when a boy;
 When of life's bliss I was dreaming—
 Years have wrecked those ships of joy,
 And no star of hope is beaming.
 Chorus.

Oh! kiss me, mother, ere I die,
 Let me feel thy soft caressing,
 Ere I in the cold grave lie—
 Kiss me, mother, ere I die;
 Kiss me, mother, ere I die—
 Once again your child caress;
 Soothe, oh! soothe my dying hours, dear mother,
 Kiss me, kiss me ere I die!

2.

Kiss me, mother, ere I sleep,
 Never more on earth awaking;
 Nay, I would not have you weep,
 As my soul its flight is taking;
 Do not weep for him who goes,
 From a world of care + sorrow,
 To a sweet + last repose,
 Where there comes no fading morrow.

3.

Kiss me, mother, ere I die -
 Sweeter far will be our meeting,
 Past the pearly clouds that lie
 Where the sun the morn is greeting;
 Then upon my pallid brow
 Press thy loving lips with gladness;
 Death is painless to me now,
 Thy sweet kiss hath banished sadness.

A Boy's best friend is his Mother!
 While plodding on our way the toilsome road of life,
 How few the friends that daily there we meet,
 Not many will stand by in trouble + in strife,
 With counsel + affection ever sweet!

But there is one whose smile will never from us turn
 Whose love is dearer far than any other,
 And wherever we may turn
 This lesson we will learn—
 A boy's best friend is his mother!

Chorus

Then cherish her with care,
 And smooth her silv'ry hair,
 When gone you will never get another;
 And wherever we may turn
 This lesson we will learn—
 A boy's best friend is his mother!

2.

This' all the world may frown, & ev'ry friend depart;
 She never will forsake us in our need;
 Our refuge evermore is still within her heart
 For us her loving sympathy will plead!
 Her pure & gentle smiles forever cheer our way
 They're sweeter, & they're purer than all other!
 When she goes from earth away
 We'll find out while we stray—
 A boy's best friend is his mother!—

Her kind + gentle face not long may greet us here,
 Then cheer her with our kindness + our love;
 Remember at her knee, in childhood bright + dear,
 We heard her voice, like angel's from above!
 Tho' after-years may bring their gladness or their woe,
 Her love is sweeter far than any other!
 And our longing heart will learn
 Where ever we may turn -
 A boy's best friend is his mother!

"Listen to the Mocking Bird."

I'm dreaming now of Hally, sweet Hally,
 I'm dreaming now of Hally;
 For the thought of her is one that never dies;
 She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley,
 She's sleeping in the valley,
 And the mocking-bird is singing where she lies.

Chorus.

Listen to the mocking-bird,
 Listen to the mocking-bird,
 The mocking-bird is singing o'er her grave,
 Listen to the mocking-bird,
 Listen to the mocking-bird,
 Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

2.

Ah! well I yet remember, remember, remember,
 Ah! well I yet remember,
 Where we gathered in the cotton, side by side,
 'Twas in the mild September, September, September,
 'Twas in the mild September,
 And the mocking-bird was singing far & wide.

3.

When the charms of Spring awaken, awaken, awaken,
 When the charms of Spring awaken,
 And the mocking-bird is singing on the boughs;
 I feel like one forsaken, forsaken, forsaken,
 I feel like one forsaken,
 Since Hally is no longer with me now.

"Yellow Rose of Texas"
 There's a yellow rose in Texas
 That I am going to see,
 No other darkey knows her,
 No darkey only me;
 She cried so when I left her,
 It like to broke my heart,
 And if I ever find her,
 We never more will part.

Chorus.

She's the sweetest rose of color,
 This darkey ever knew,
 Her eyes are bright as diamonds,
 They sparkle like the dew;
 You may talk about your "Dearest May,"
 And sing of "Rosa Lee,"
 But the yellow rose of Texas
 Beats the belles of Tennessee.

2.

Where the Rio Grande is flowing,
 And the starry skies are bright,
 She walks along the river
 In the quiet summer night;
 She thinks if I remember,
 When we parted long ago;
 I promised to come back again,
 And not to leave her so.

3.

Oh! now I'm going to find her,
 For my heart is full of woe,
 And we'll sing the songs together,
 That we sung so long ago;

We'll play the banjo gayly,
 And we'll sing the songs of yore;
 And the yellow rose of Texas
 Shall be mine forevermore.

"My Old Kentucky Home."

The sun shines bright in the Old Kentucky home,
 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
 The corn top's ripe & the meadow's in the bloom,
 While the birds make music all the day.
 The young folks roll on the little cabin-floor
 All merry, all happy & bright;
 By'n by hard times come a-knocking at the door
 Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!
 Chorus.

Weep no more, my lady,
 Oh! weep no more to-day!
 We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home
 For the old Kentucky home, far away.

2.

They hunt no more for the possum & the coon,
 On the meadow, the hill & the shore!
 They sing no more, by the glimmer of the moon

on the beⁿch by the old cabin-door.
 The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the heart,
 With sorrow where all was delight;
 The time has come when the darkees have to part:
 Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!

3.

The head must bow & the back will ^{have to} bend,
 Wherever the darkey may go;
 A few more days, & the trouble all will end
 In the field where the sugar canes grow;
 A few more days for to tote the weary load,
 'No matter, 'twill never be light,
 A few more days we'll totter on the road;
 Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night.

Sweet Highland Mary.

1.

ye banks, and braes and streams around
 The castle of 'Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, & fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumble;
 Where Summer first unfolds her robe,
 And there the largest tarry;

For there I took my last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary.

2.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birch,
How rich the hawthorn blossom,
As underneath its fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angels' wings,
Flew o'er me + my dearie,
For dear to me as light + life
Was my sweet Highland Mary!

3.

Wi' mony a vow + locked embrace
Our parting was fu'tender,
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flowers sae early!
How green's the sod, + cauld's the clay
That wraps thee, Highland Mary!

4.

Oh! pale, pale now those ruby lips
I oft have kissed sae fondly,

And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me soe kindly,
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that loved me dearly;
 But still within my bosom's core,
 Shall live my Highland Mary!

5.

All in the silent hour of night,
 Thro' the green church-yard I'll wander;
 Right hearty well I know the spot
 Where Mary she lies under;
 I'll weep o'er it with silent grief,
 I'll sit & ne'er be weary,
 For pleasure there is none for me
 Without sweet Highland Mary!

6.

All round sweet Highland Mary's grave
 I'll plant the fairest lily,
 The primrose sweet, & violet blue,
 Likewise the daffodilly;
 But since the world is grown so wild,
 In the wilderness I'll tarry;
 Come, welcome death, thou friend of mine!
 I'll sleep with Highland Mary!

Moon is out to-night, Love.

The moon is out to-night, love, floating in the sky;
 Little stars are laughing, as she passes by;
 All the little songsters sing a merry tune,
 Happy as they can be, singing to the moon
 Clouds with silver lining, floating in the sky
 For the moon to pass them - Kitty, so and so
 But I come to meet you, with a happy smile
 To tell you how I love you, sitting on the stile.

Chorus

The moon is out to-night, love, meet ^{me} with a smile;
 I've something sweet to tell you, sitting on the stile
 Kiss me when you meet me, Kitty of the glen,
 And when I go to leave you, I'll give it back again
 2.

The moon is out to-night, love, all the roses blush
 When the gentle night-winds tell the birds to hush
 For I want to listen for a merry voice,
 Whose is every note is music, + makes my heart rejoice.
 Kitty, I am waiting to see if I can see
 Some one like a fairy coming toward me;
 And the little angels, coming once again,
 Give the kiss of true-love for Kitty of the glen

Grandfather's Clock.

my grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,
 So it stood ninety years on the floor;
 It was taller by half than the old man himself,
 Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
 It was bought on the morn'g of the day that he was born
 And was always his treasure + pride;
 But it stopped short- never to go again-
 When the old man died.

Chorus.

Ninety years, without slumbering- tick, tick, tick, tick,
 His life-seconds numbering- tick, tick, tick, tick.
 It stopped short- never to go again-
 When the old man died.

2.

In watching its pendulum swinging to + fro,
 Many hours had he spent while a boy;
 And in childhood + manhood the clock seemed to know,
 And to share both his grief + his joy;
 For it struck twenty-four when he entered the door,
 With a blooming + beautiful bride;
 But it stopped short- never to go again-
 When the old man died.

3.

My grandfather said that those he could hire,
 Not a servant so faithful he found,
 For it wasted no time & had but one desire—
 At the close of each week to be wound.
 It was kept in its place— not a frown upon its face,
 And its hands never hung by its side;
 But it stopped short— never to go again—
 When the old man died—

4.

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night—
 An alarm that for years had been dumb—
 And we knew that his spirit was planning for flight—
 That his hour of departure had come.
 Still the clock kept time, with a soft & muffled chime,
 As we silently stood by his side;
 But it stopped short— never to go again—
 When the old man died.

Campbells are comin'!

The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!

The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!

The Campbells are comin', to Bonnie Lochleven;

The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!

Upon the Comonds I lay, I lay,
 Upon the Comonds I lay, I lay;
 I looked down to bonnie Lochleven,
 And saw three bonnie perches play.

2.

Great Argyle, he goes before,
 He makes the cannons & guns to roar,
 Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe and drum,
 The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!
 The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!
 The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!
 The Campbells are comin', to bonnie Lochleven;
 The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!

3.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
 Their loyal faith and truth to show;
 Wi' banners rattling in the wind,
 The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!
 The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!
 The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!
 The Campbells are comin', to bonnie Lochleven;
 The Campbells are comin', o-ho! o-ho!

"Wearing of the Green".

O, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round,
 The shamrock is forbid, by law, to grow on Irish ground:
 No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep - his color last be seen;
 For there's a bloody war again the wearing of the green!
 Oh! I met with 'Napper Tandy, and he tuk me by the hands,
 And he says: How is poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?
 She's the most distressed country that ever I have seen,
 For they are hanging men + women for the wearing of the green

2.

And since the color we must wear is Englands cruel red,
 Old Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed,
 Then take the shamrock from your hat, + cast it on the sod,
 It will take root, + flourish still, tho' under foot 'tis trod.
 When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
 And when the leaves in summer time their verdure do not show
 Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen,
 But, till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to the wearing of the green

3.

But if, at last, her colors should be torn from Ireland's heart,
 Her sons, with shame + sorrow, from the dear old soil will part
 I've heard whispers of a country that lies far beyond the sea
 Where rich + poor stand equal, in the light of freedom's day:

O Erin! must we leave you, driven by the tyrant's hand?
 Must we ask a mother's blessing in a strange but happy land,
 Where the cross of England's thralldom is never to be seen,
 But where, thank God, we'll live + die still wearing of the green!

"Hat me Father Wore."

I'm Paddy Miles, an Irish boy,
 Just come across the sea;
 For singing or for dancing, boys,
 I think that I'll please ye;
 I can sing + dance with any man,
 As I did in days of yore,
 And on Patrick's day I love to wear
 The hat me father wore.

Chorus.

It's old, but it's beautiful -
 The best you ever seen;
 'Twas worn for more than ninety years
 In that little Isle so green;
 From my father's great ancestors
 It descended with galore -
 It's a relic of old dacency,
 Is the hat me father wore.

I bid you all good evening;
 Good luck to you, I say,
 And when I cross the ocean
 I hope for me you'll pray;
 I'm going to my happy lands,
 In a place called Ballymore,
 To be welcomed back to Paddy's land
 With the hat me father wore.

And when I do return again,
 The boys + girls to see,
 I hope that with old Erin's style
 "You'll kindly welcome me,
 With the songs of dear old Ireland
 To cheer me more and more,
 And make me Irish heart feel glad
 With the hat me father wore.

"Pull for the Shore"
 Light in the darkness, sailor,
 Day is at hand!
 See o'er the foaming billows,
 Fair heaven's land,

Dear was the voyage, sailor,
 Now almost o'er,
 Safe within the life-boat, sailor-
 Pull for the shore.
 - Chorus. -

Pull for the shore, sailor,
 Pull for the shore!
 Heed not the rolling waves,
 But bend to the oar;
 Safe in the life-boat, sailor,
 Cling to self no more,
 Leave the poor old stranded wreck
 And pull for the shore.

2.

Trust in the life-boat, sailor,
 All else will fail,
 Stronger the surges dash,
 And fiercer the gale;
 Heed not the stormy winds,
 Though loudly they roar,
 Watch the "Bright Morning Star,"
 And pull for the shore. chorus
 (over)

Bright gleams the morning, sailor,
 "Up - lift the eye;
 Clouds + darkness disappearing,
 Glory is nigh!
 Safe in the life-boat, sailor,
 Sing evermore,
 "Glory, glory, halleluyah!"
 Pull for the shore.

"Last Rose of Summer."

1.

'Tis the last rose of Summer,
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone.
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rose-bud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh.

2.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, and get thee some

Go sleep thou with them;
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

3.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from love's shining circle
 The gems drop away;
 When true hearts lie withered,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

"Dream Faces"

The shadows lie across the dim old room,
 The fire-light glows and fades into the gloom,
 While memory sails to childhood's distant shore,
 And dreams, and dreams of days that are no more.

Chorus.

Sweet dreamland faces passing to & fro,
 Bring back to memory days of long ago;

Murmuring gently thro' a mist of pain,
" Hope on, dear lov'd ones, we shall meet again."

2.

Once more I see across the distant years
A face long gone, with all its smiles & tears;
Once more I press a tender loving hand,
And with my darling 'neath the old oak stand.

3.

But all I lov'd are gone, and I alone in life,
To wait, and wait, & wait till death shall end the strife
Until once more I join the hearts that loved me best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling & the weary are at rest

The Blue Bells of Scotland.

Oh where, and oh where,
Is your Highland laddie gone?
Oh where, and oh where,
Is your Highland laddie gone?
He's gone to fight the French,
For King George upon the throne.

2.

And it's oh! in my heart,
I wish him safe at home,

He's gone to fight the French,
 For King George upon the throne;
 And it's oh! in my heart,
 I wish him safe at home.

3.

Oh where, and oh where,
 Did your Highland laddie dwell?
 He dwelt in merry Scotland,
 At the sign of the Blue Bell;
 And it's oh! in my heart,
 I love my laddie well.

4.

In what clothes, in what clothes,
 Is your Highland laddie clad?
 His bonnets of the Saxon green,
 And his waistcoat of a plaid;
 And it's oh! in my heart,
 I love my Highland lad.

5.

Suppose, and suppose, that
 Your Highland lad should die?
 That bagpipes should play o'er him,
 And I'd sit me down & cry;

And it's oh! in my heart,
I wish he may not die.

Home Again.

Home again, home again,
From a foreign shore;
And, oh! it fills my soul with joy,
To meet my friends once more.
Here I dropped the parting tear,
To cross the ocean's foam;
But now I'm once again with those
Who kindly greet me home.

2.

Happy hearts, happy hearts,
With mine have laughed in glee;
But, oh! the friends I loved in youth,
Seem happier to me.

And if my guide should be the fate
Which bids me longer roam,
But death alone can break the tie
That binds my heart to home.

3.

Music sweet, music soft,

Lingers round the place;
 And, oh! I feel the childhood charm,
 That time cannot efface.
 Then give me but my homestead roof,
 I'll ask no palace dome;
 For I can live a happy life
 With those I love at home.

"Tenting on the old Camp-ground"

We're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
 Give us a song to cheer
 Our weary hearts, a song of home,
 And friends we love so dear!

"Gloria."

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
 Wishing for the war to cease;
 Many are the hearts looking for the right,
 To see the dawn of peace;
 Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
 Tenting on the old camp-ground.

II.

We've been tenting, tonight, on the old camp-ground,

Thinking of the days gone by;
Of the loved ones at home, that gave us the hand,

And the tear that said, Good-by! — Chorus.

III.

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground;
Many are dead ^{and} gone,

Of the brave ^{and} true, who've left their homes;
Others have been wounded long. — Chorus.

IV.

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp-ground;

Many are lying near —

Some are dead, ^{and} some are dying —

Many are in tears!

"Chorus"

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,

Wishing for the war to cease;

Many are the hearts looking for the right,

To see the dawn of peace;

Lying to-night, dying-tonight,
Lying on the old camp ground.

"Mary of the wild Moor"

1.

It was on one cold Winter's night,
As the wind blew across the wild moor,
When Mary came wandering home with her ^{babe}
Till she came to her own father's door;
"Oh, father! dear father!" she cried,
"Come down and open the door,
Or the child in my arms will perish & die,
By the wind that blows across the wild moor."

2.

"Oh, why did I leave this dear spot,
Where once I was happy and free?
But now doomed to roam, without friends or home,
And no one to take pity on me!"
The old man was deaf to her cries—
Not a sound of her voice reached his ear—
But the watch dog did howl, & the village bell toll'd,
And the wind blew across the wild moor.

But how must the old man have felt,
 When he came to the door in the morn!
 Poor Mary was dead, but the child was alive,
 Closely pressed in its dead mother's arms.
 Half frantic he tore his gray hair,
 And the tears down his cheeks they did pour,
 Saying, "This cold winter's night, she perished & died
 By the wind that blew across the wild moor."

4.

The old man in grief pined away,
 And the child to its mother went soon,
 And no one, they say, has lived there to this day,
 And the cottage to ruin has gone.
 The villagers point out the spot
 Where the willows droop over the door,
 Saying, "There Mary died, once a gay village bride,
 By the wind that blew across the wild moor."

Sweet- Bye & Bye.

There's a land that is fairer than day,
 And by faith we can see it afar;
 For the Father waits over the way,
 To prepare us a dwelling place there.

Chorus.

In the sweet bye & bye,
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
 In the sweet bye & bye & by, by & by, by & by,
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore by & by.

2.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
 The melodious songs of the blest,
 And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
 Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3.

To our bountiful Father above,
 We will offer our tribute of praise,
 For the glorious gift of his love,
 And the blessings that hallow our days.

"Old Home Down on the Farm".

When a boy I use to dwell,
 In a home I lov'd so well,
 Far away among the clover & the bees,
 Where the morning-glory vine,
 Round the cabin porch did twine,
 And the robin red-breast sang among the trees,
 There were brothers young and gay -
 A father old and gray,
 And a mother dear to keep us from all harm;
 There I pass'd life's golden hours
 Running wild among the flowers,
 In my boy-hood's happy home down on the farm.

"Chorus".

Many weary years have pass'd
 Since I saw the old place last,
 But mem'ry still steals o'er me like a charm;
 Ev'ry old familiar place,
 Ev'ry kind and loving face,
 In my boy hood's happy home down on the farm.

2.

And to-day as I draw near
 The old home I love so dear,

A stranger comes to meet me at the door;
 Round the place there's many a change,
 And the faces all seem strange,
 Not a lov'd one now to greet me as of yore.
 My mother dear, is laid -
 'neath the elm tree pleasant shade,
 And the golden summer sun shines bright + warm,
 In the old familiar place,
 I can see a stranger's face,
 In my father's old arm chair down on the farm.

"Comrades."

We from childhood played together,
 My dear comrade Jack and I,
 He would fight each other's battles,
 To each other's aid wed fly;
 And in boyish scrapes and troubles,
 You would find us everywhere,
 Where one went the other followed,
 Naught could part us for we were -
 "Chorus".

We were comrades, comrades,
 Ever since we were boys, -

Sharing each others sorrows,
 Sharing each others joys, -
 Comrades when manhood was dawning,
 Faithful whatever might betide,
 When danger threatened my darling old comrade
 Was there by my side.

-2-

When just budding into manhood,
 I yearned for a soldiers life,
 Night and day I dreamed of glory,
 Longing for the battles strife;
 I said, "Jack I'll be a soldier,
 Neath the Red the white, and Blue,
 Good-by Jack!" said he, "no never!
 If you go, then I'll go too."

-3-

I enlisted, Jack came with me,
 And ups and downs we shared,
 For a time our lives were peaceful,
 But at length war was declared,
 Our brave flag had been insulted,
 We were ordered to the front,
 And the Regiment we belonged to,

Had to bear the battle's brunt.

-4-

On the night the savage foe came,
 Crept around us as we lay,
 To our arms we leaped and faced them,
 Back to back we stood at bay;
 As I fought, a savage at me,
 Aimed his spear like lightning's dart,
 But my comrades sprang to save me,
 And received it in his heart.

"Chorus"

We were comrades, comrades.
 Ever since we were boys,
 Sharing each other's sorrows,
 Sharing each other's joys,
 Comrades when manhood was dawning,
 Faithful whatever might betide,
 When danger threatened my darling old
 comrade was there by my side.

"That is Love."

Love, sweet love is a poet's dream,
 Love sweet love is the poet's dream;
 What is the love of which they sing?
 Only a phantom unreal thing!

'Tis but the dalliance, the dalliance of youth's ^{gold} maid
 'Tis but the passion, the passion of youth that fades;
 'Tis not the Heaven, the Heaven implanted glow,
 That true hearts call love, Ah, not ah, no!

"Chorus."

See a mother gazing on her baby boy,
 With ecstatic eyes, and heart that fills with joy;
 He to her is purest gold without alloy,
 For him how she prays to Heaven above.
 How she guides his footsteps thro' this vale of strife,
 Watches o'er his bedside when infection rife,
 Risking for her baby boy her health, her life,
 That is love, that is love.

-2-

Love, sweet love, how the words misplaced,
 Love sweet love, how the themes disgraced;
 What is a fond lover's ardent glance?
 What is a maiden's shy advance?

What is the pressure, the pressure of anxious lips?
 What is the pressure, the pressure of fingers tips?
 Only the pleasure, the joys of passing days,
 'Tis not the love that will live for aye!
 "Chorus"

See a father standing at his cottage door,
 Watching baby in the gutter rolling o'er;
 Laughing at his merry pranks, but hark a roar,
 Help, oh, help him gracious Heaven above!
 Dashing down the road there comes a maddened horse,
 Out the father rushes with resistless force,
 Saves the child, but he lies there, a mangled corpse,
 That is love, that is love.

-3-

Oh! the love of a faithful friend,
 True true love that will never end;
 Where can such friendships be found on earth?
 In true hearts above it findeth birth.
 Friends meet friends, and they vow, they vow to cling,
 Often alas! does their love, their love take wing,
 Seldom alas, can such faithful friendship be,
 As that of two comrades who went to sea.

Chorus.

When the squall had the ship and she was lost,
 Clinging to a plank the crews were tempest tost;
 But the plank was water logged and sunk almost,
 One of them must meet his God above.
 One of them said, Jack this plank will not hold it too,
 You've a wife and children, so I'll die for you,
 Good-by Jack! he leaves the plank and sinks from view,
 That is love, that is love!

4.

Love, sweet love, not the passion's glow,
 That some call love on this earth below,
 No! but the pure, the undying love,
 The sacred affection from above.
 'Tis not the love, the love for a beautiful,
 'Tis not the love that Time's ravages soon will chase,
 'Tis not the love born in brightly sparkling eyes,
 No! 'tis the love sent from Paradise.

Chorus.

See, a husband parting from his darling wife,
 Bearing arms for freedom mid the battle's strife;
 Gazing on her portrait where the foes are rife,
 Treasuring a lock of hair, a glove.

See the wife from whom the husband had to part,
 News has come, he's fallen, how the tear drops start!
 How she droops, and then dies of a broken heart;
 That is love, that is love.

Playmates.

1.-

Thro' the storms of life I've battled, I have seen its
 seamy sides,
 Fortune has not deigned to hear me, tho' my level best
 I've tried!
 Some get but the milk, and water, others get the
 richest cream—
 Oft the memories of my boyhood, come back to me
 as a dream.
 All the troubles of those schooldays, centred in the
 masters rule,
 All we had to think or care for, were our
 lessons and the school.
 Oftentimes I meet those playmates who once made
 this heart rejoice—
 Some are smiling—glad and hearty—others
 sing with broken voice—

Refrain.

Playmates were we little, we thought it then
 How we should change when we should all be men!
 Ah! sweet boyhood's days - free from all care and pain.
 Playmates! playmates! I wish we were boys again.

-2-

Very well, can I remember one young lad, named
 Henry Dare;

Brightly, glad some were his features, brightly golden
 was his hair;

He was everybody's idol, softened even the master's
 heart;

When young Harry got in mischief, everybody took
 his part.

Some few months ago I met him, all his hair was
 ghastly grey;

When he saw me, with a shudder, he turned off
 another way.

Years ago he'd robbed employers, been in prison as
 a thief,

Sought in drink and dissipation what he ne'er
 could find - relief!

3.

Sometimes I have grown weary of the world and all
its strife—

Out of work and out of money, black and dismal
seemed this life.

One day by some chance I wandered past a
mansion in the "West"—

"Mr. Jasper" on the door-plate—on the steps I sank
to rest!

Presently the door flew open—could it be?—the Jack
of yore.

"Johnny Jasper! Don't you know me—your old
playmate? Look once more!

I am starving, cold, and homeless! Help me!—hear my
piteous tale!

"No!" said he, "I pay my taxes!—Seek the workhouse,
or the jail!"

- 4 -

This is some few years ago, boys, but remembrance
will not die,

Neither in the jail nor workhouse have I yet been
forced to lie;

But I've been inside a workhouse: I was sent for
yesterday,

Someone dying wished to see me, and I went
without delay.

When I reached that wretched bedside, there lay,
gasping for his breath,

Johnny Jasper—Doctor Jasper!—almost at the
gate of death!

"Tom," he whispered, I have fallen from my wealth
and grand estates—

For my cruelty forgive me! Don't say 'Ho—we
once were mates."

Refrain.

Playmates were we—little we thought it then
How we should change when we should both
be men!

Ah! sweet boyhood's days—free from all care
and pain!

Playmates! playmates! I wish we were boys again.

I'll Whistle and Wait for Katie.

-1-

After business you will find me,
 every night as sure as fate,
 At the corner of the street here,
 waiting for my bonnie Kate;
 Her Papa has quite forbidden
 young men to the house to go,
 In consequence of which I whistle,
 just to let my true love know.

Chorus.

I am waiting here to greet
 blue-eyed Kate with kisses sweet;
 Every night at the end of the street
 I whistle and wait for Katie.

2.

You may think it awkward standing
 in a business street like this;
 But I'm sure you would not mind it
 could you meet so sweet a Miss;
 Of course I wait till all is still,
 see there's no one passing by,
 Before I venture on the whistle,

known alone to "Kate & I."

3.

How her father means to take it,
 when he hears the news, forsooth,
 I wonder what he'll say to Katie
 when he learns it is the truth;
 I've at least this consolation,
 that my heart is just and right,
 Therefore I shall fondly whistle
 for my Katie every night.

Only a picture of her Boy.

1.

She kissed her boy a fond good bye, the hour had ^{to part,} come
 His good ship sailed that morn across the main,
 The tears were coursing down her cheeks while sadly ^{she yearns} throbb'd
 She knew not if they'd ever meet again.
 Long, long she waited hopefully as slowly ^{times} on rolled
 For tidings of her idol & her joy;
 One day there came a message, it was from a ^{Belgium} foreign
 And with it came a picture of her boy.

77

- Chorus. -

'Twas only a picture, only a picture,
only an image of her boy;
For she was her pride & ever at her side,
only a picture of her boy.

2.

The years sped by, but, lo! upon a dear December day
There came a stranger to that mother's door;
He told her how her boy, in the thickest of the fray,
Fell fighting for the flag he bravely bore,
A little while she lingered ere she bade the world good-^{bye,}
For realms where no more veiling cares annoy;
And as she softly whispered, "We shall meet again ^{on the field,}"
She kissed that little picture of her boy.

"Three leaves of Shamrock."

When leaving dear old Ireland, in the merry month of June,
The birds were sweetly singing, & all nature seemed in tune;
An Irish girl accosted me, with a sad tear in her eye,
And as she spoke these words to me, bitterly did cry:
"Kind sir, I ask a favor, oh! grant it to me, please,
'Tis not much that I ask of you, but 'twill set my heart at ^{ease,}
Take these to my brother, Ned, who's far across the sea,
And don't forget to tell him, sir, that they were sent ^{by me.}"

Chorus.

Three leaves of shamrock, the Irishman's shamrock,
 From his own darling sister, her blessing, too, she gave;
 Take them to my brother, for I have no one other,
 And these are the shamrocks from his dear old Mother's grave.

2.

Tell him since he went away how bitter was our lot,
 The landlord came one Winter day, & turned us from our cot,
 Our troubles were so many, & our friends so very few,
 And brother dear, our mother used to often sigh for you,
 "Oh, darling son, come back!" she often used to say,
 Alas! one day she sickened, & soon was laid away,
 Her grave I watered with my tears, that's where the flowers grow,
 And brother dear, they're all I've got, & them I send to you.

Across the Bridge.

1

On the bridge at midnight, stood I in dismay,
 Watching weary stragglers, passing on their way.
 Silently reflecting, dreaming there alone,
 All their joys and sorrows, seemed to be my own;
 See the wretched gambler, looking deathly white
 All his fortune vanished, in one single night,
 With a look of horror, peeps into the stream,
 Thinks of wife and children, shattered in his dream.

Refrain.

Ruined, fleeced, and cheated! Fool I was to play!
 How, how, can I face it? What, am I to say?
 Whither will he wander? Heaven only knows!
 Crushed, and broken hearted, too, Across the bridge he goes.

-2-

Next with steps erratic, comes the city clerk,
 Button-hole and stick, too, ready for a lark;
 Been to smoking concert, sung his latest song,
 "Can't be twelve o'clock yet? clocks have all gone wrong."
 "What a beastly nuisance, last omnibus has gone,
 Must be in the office, at nine tomorrow morn,"
 Then he'll ask a copper: "Oblige me with a light?"

Thank you, all the same, old chap, much obliged good night
Refrain.

Only got three ha'-pence, this is jolly queer!
Where's the other sixpence? Must have gone in beer!
Well, here goes to walk it, Jingo, how it blows!
Lights, another cigarette, As o'er the bridge he goes.

- 3 -

Comes the muffled burglar, glancing left and right,
Shuffling like a spectre, shuns the glaring light,
Touches his revolver, with a murderous leer,

What's a life to him when sweet liberty is dear?
Hest, with flying footsteps comes the common thief,
Hunted like a tiger, trembling like a leaf,
Hark! the cry "they've got him" tries to break away
Appeals aloud for mercy, hear what he's to say:

Refrain.

Let me off this time, Sir? W' wife is ill in bed;
It's hard to hear the children crying out for bread!
This is my first offence, Sir? It is, God only knows!
Mercy was not meant for him, as o'er the bridge he goes

- 4 -

Hark! a peal of laughter, like a bird in song,
A pretty little actress trips her way along,

Hugging "floral tributes" in her dainty arms,
 Whilst her tall admirer, reminds her of her charms.
 Didn't they go frantic when I did my dance!

I told you I should knock them, when I got a chance,
 Take a cab? no, thank you, I haven't far to walk!

Leave me at the corner, please, you know how people talk?

Refrain.

This is too bad of you, Flo! Don't go on like this!

You know you are so fetching, just one Platonic kiss!

There's not a soul about here, hang it, don't so no!

Hugging, squeezing, teasing, Across the bridge they go.

Next a form approaches, at a halting pace,

Grief has failed to shatter the beauty of her face,
 Promises and falsehoods, fondly she believed,

Now her dream is ended, forsaken and deceived;

Silently to Heaven, she offers up a prayer,

Gazes at the river, then shudders in despair,

Clutching some love tokens, in her withered hands,

Like an apparition, on the brink she stands.

Refrain.

Why did he forsake me, him I loved so well?

Hark! the bell is tolling, bidding earth farewell.

Frantically her hands high In the air she throws,
A sigh, a leap, a scream, 'tis done! As over the bridge
she goes!

Kingdom Coming.

1.

Say, darkey hab you run the massa,
With de muff'stash on his face,
Go 'long de road some time, dis mornin',
Like he gwine to leab de place?
He seen a smoke way up de ribbers,
Whar, de Spinkum's gumboats lay;
He took his hat, an' lef' berry sudden,
An' Espec in's run, away.

Chorus.

De massa run, ha, ha!
De darkey stay ho, ho!
It must be now de Kingdom, comin',
An' de year of Jubilo.

2.

He six foot one way, two foot tudder,
And he weigh three hundred pound;
His coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor,

And it won't go half way round.
 He drill so much dey call him Cap'n,
 An' he get so drefful tanned,
 I spec he try, and fool dem Yankees,
 For to tink he's contraband.

3.

De darkey's feel so lonesome libbing,
 In de log house on the lawn,
 Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor,
 For to keep it while he's gone.
 Dey wine, an' cider in de kitchen,
 An' de darkeys dey'll hab some:
 I spec dey'll all be confiscated
 When de Spinkum sojers come.

-4-

He oberseer he makes us trouble
 An' he drile us round a spell;
 He lock him up in de smoke house cellar
 Mid de key trown down de well.
 De whip is lost, de handcuff broken,
 But de massall hab his pay;
 He ole enough, big enough, ought to know better,
 Dan to, went and run away.

Hearer, my God, to thee.

1.

Hearer, my God, to thee,
Hearer to thee!

Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Hearer, my God, to thee,
Hearer to thee!

2.

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Hearer, my God, to thee,
Hearer to thee!

3.

There let the way appear,
Steps unto Heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to becom me

Hearer, my God, to thee,
Hearer to thee!

45

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my story griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Hearer, my God, to thee,
Hearer to thee!

"Star Spangled Banner"

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd, at the twilight's last
gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so
gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Chorus:-

Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

-2-

O'er the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that, which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catcheth the gleam of the morning's ^{first} beam
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;

Chorus:-

'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

-3-

And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps
pollution,

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave.

Chorus.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave

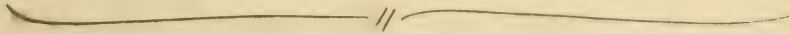
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

.4.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd homes, and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

Chorus.—

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?



"When you and I were young Maggie,
I wandered to-day ^(1.) to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below;
The creek + the creaking old mill, Maggie,
As we used to long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung;
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

Chorus. - And now we are aged + gray, 'Maggie
 And the trials of life nearly done;
 Let us sing of the days that are gone,
 'Maggie,
 When you and I were young.
 2.

A city so silent + lone, 'Maggie,
 Where the young + the gay + the blest;
 In polished white mansions of stone, 'Maggie,
 Have each found a place of rest;
 Is built where the birds used to play, 'Maggie,
 And join in the songs that were sung;
 For we sang as gay as they, 'Maggie,
 When you + I were young.
 3.

They say I am feeble with age, 'Maggie,
 My steps are less sprightly than then;
 My face is a well-written page, 'Maggie,
 But time alone was the pen,
 They say we are aged + gray, 'Maggie,
 As sprays by the white breakers flung;
 But to me you're as fair as you were, 'Maggie,
 When you + I were young.

"Marguerite".

89.

Marguerite! Marguerite, my star of hope,
I dread the day you'll forget me, Marguerite!
And still I know it soon will come,
The festive dance, the rich, the gay,
So different from our home, Marguerite!
I would not chide thee,
Chide thee, Marguerite!
Nor mar one joy of thine so sweet;
But, oh! I dread that weary day
You'll me forget, Marguerite!
But, oh! I dread that weary day
You'll me forget, Marguerite.

2.

I wandered down by the little babbling brook,
Its every ripple speaks of thee;
The roses, too, they droop their heads
In sympathy with me, Marguerite!
If the bright world it were all of mine, to give,
I'd proudly lay it at thy feet;
But, oh! the thought you'll not be mine
Will break my heart, Marguerite!
But, oh! the thought you'll not be mine
Will break my heart, Marguerite!

Comin' Through the Rye:

1.
 Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin' through the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry?
 Every lassie has her laddie,
 Ne'er a one has I,
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me
 When comin' through the rye.

Chorus.— Among the train there is a swan
 I dearly lo'e myself;
 But what his name or what's his name
 I dinna care to tell.

2.
 Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' frae the towry,
 Gin a body meet a body,
 Need a body frown?
 Every lassie has her laddie,
 Ne'er a one has I,
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me
 When comin' through the rye.

"Where is My Wandering Boy To-night."
1.

Where is my wandering boy to-night?
The boy of tend' rest care,
The boy that once was my joy & light,
The child of my joy & prayer,
—Chorus.—

Oh, where is my boy to-night?
Oh, where is my boy to-night?
My heart o'er flows,
For I love him, he knows.
Oh, where is my boy to-night?
2.

Once he was pure as morning dew,
As he knelt at his mother's knee,
No face was so bright, no heart more true,
And none was so sweet as he.

3.

Oh! could I see him now my boy,
As fair as in old time,
When prattle & smile made him a joy,
And life was a merry chime.

Go for my wandering boy to-night,
 So search for him where you will;
 But bring him to me, with all his blights,
 And tell him I love him still.

God be with you.

1.

God be with you till we meet again
 By his counsel guide uphold you
 With his sheep securely fold you
 God be with you till we meet again.

Chorus.

Till we meet, till we meet
 Till we meet at Jesus feet,
 Till we meet, till we meet,
 God be with you till we meet again.

2.

God be with you till we meet again
 Neath his wings securely hide you
 Daily manna still provide you
 God be with you till we meet again.

3.

God be with you till we meet again,

When life's perils thick confound you
 Put his arms unfailling round you
 God be with you till we meet again.

14.

God be with you till we meet again
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you
 Smite death's threatening wave before you
 God be with you till we meet again.

"The Lily of the Valley."

1.

I have found a friend in Jesus,
 He's everything to me,
 He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul:
 The Lily of the valley, in him alone, I see
 All I need to cleanse & make me fully whole,
 In sorrow he's my comfort,
 In trouble he's my stay,
 He tells me every care on him to roll.

2.

He all my griefs has taken,
 And all my sorrows born:
 In temptation he's my strong & mighty tower,

I have all for him forsaken
 And all my idols torn from my heart,
 And now he keeps me by his power:
 Though all the world forsake me
 And satan tempts me sore,
 Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal

3.

He will never never leave me,
 Nor yet forsake me here
 While I live by faith + do his blessed will;
 A wall of fire about me,
 I've nothing now to fear;
 With his manna he my hungry ^{shall fill:} soul
 Then sweeping up to glory
 To see his blessed face
 Where rivers of delight shall ever roll.

The Gipsy's Warning
1.

95.

Trust him not, Oh! gentle lady
Though his voice be low and sweet
Heed him not, who kneels before thee
Softly pleading at her feet.
Now thy life is in its morning
Could not this thy happy lot,
Listen to the Gipsies warning
Gentle lady trust him not.

Lady, once there lived a maiden
Young and pure and like thee fair
Yet he wooed, he wooed and won her
Thrilled her gentle heart with care
Then he heeded not her weeping
Cared not he her life to save,
Soon she perished now she's sleeping
In the cold and silent grave.

Lady, turn not from me so coldly
I have only told the truth,
From a stern and withering sorrow
Lady I would shield thy youth

I would shield thee from all danger,
 Shield thee from the tempters snare,
 Lady shun the dark eyed stranger,
 I have warned thee, now beware!

Take thy gold, I do not want it,
 Lady I have prayed for this
 For the hour that I might foil him
 And rob him of expected bliss
 Aye I see thou art filled with wonder
 At my look so fierce and wild,
 Lady, in the churchyard yonder,
 Sleeps the gypsies only child.

Answer to the Gipsy's Warning

Lady, do not heed her warning
 Trust me thou shalt find me true
 Constant as the light of morning
 I will ever be to you.
 Lady, I will not deceive thee
 Fill thy gentle heart with love
 Trust me lady and believe me

Sorrow thou shalt never know.

Lady every joy would perish
 Pleasure all would wither fast
 If no heart could love and cherish
 In this world of storm & blast.
 Ene the stars that shine above thee
 Shine the brightest in the night
 So would he who fondly loves thee
 In the darkness by thy light.

Down beside the flowing river
 Where the dark green willow weeps
 Where the leafy branches quiver
 There a gentle maiden sleeps
 In the moor a lonely stranger
 Comes and lingers many hours
 Lady he's no heartless stranger
 For he strews her grave with flowers.

Lady heed thee not her warning
 Lay thy soft white hand on mine
 For I seek no fairer laund

Than the constant love of thine
 When the silver moon lights brightens
 Thou shalt slumber on my breast
 Tender words thy soul shall lighten
 Lull thy spirit into rest.

Still I Love Thee

What should make thee sad, my darling?
 Why those pearly tears I see.
 Have I caused one thought of sorrow,
 By the stars that shine above us,
 By this heart that beats within me,
 Still I love thee, none but thee.

Chorus

What should make thee sad, my darling?
 Why those pearly tears I see.
 Have I caused one thought of sorrow
 Have I not been kind to thee?
 Be my heart thy throne forever
 Let all tears forgotten be
 Ne'er nor ever estrange us never.

Still I love thee, none but thee.

2

O'er the bosom of the ocean.

Shall the sea birds cease to rove,
Sun and stars shall cease their motion
Winds and clouds forget to move
Ere my love for thee shall falter.

All things else on earth may alter
Still I love thee, none but thee.

3

Joyfully when first I found thee,

Bowed my soul at loves behest
Now when sorrows gather round me

Thou alone canst make me blest

Be my heart thy throne forever

Let all tears forgo their be.

Heal or woe estrange us never,

Still I love thee, none but thee.

Gliding.

I

Measureless bright & glorious
Stretches the sea before us
Heavens own blue is over us
Safe in our little boat.

Chorus.

Gliding

Over the silvery strand
By

Gliding to fairy land.

II

Over the waves of ocean
Safe from their wild commotion
Rocking as with each motion
Merrily on we glide.

III

Care we have left behind us
Sorrow no more shall find us
Toil no more shall bind us
Safe in our little boat.



